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OVERMAN'S

EXHIBITION AND SCHOOL

❖ DIALOGUES ❖

EVERY SCHOOL SHOULD HAVE THEM.

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SALEM, INDIANA.
LEAPER STEAM PRINT.

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By MARY N. OVERMAN,

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PREFACE.

The following Dialogues are suitable for use in School Exhibitions and various other entertainments. They have been prepared with a view of setting forth useful information, as well as of provoking happy laughter, which is a source of good.

MARY N. OVERMAN.

SHORT DIALOGUES.

VILLAGE LIFE.

Characters:—Mrs. Thoughtless and her boy Johnny, Mrs. Pharisee, Mr. Irony, Deacon Jones, Cheery Jones, Preacher Wise and Mrs. Wise.

Scene I.—A room in which are Mrs. Thoughtless and Johnny. Mrs. T. dusting the furniture with her apron, and Johnny whittling,

Mrs. T. Now Johnny, I want you to stop whittling around here. I expect Deacon Jones and Cheery Jones and the new Preacher and his wife all here for supper to-night, and I want you to let things alone like I've fixed them.

Johnny. I will if you'll give me a piece of that cake you've got baked.

Mrs. T. I don't want to cut the cake now, but if you will be a good boy while the folks are here, and not slip in behind my chair and stare at them while they are eating, you can have a piece of it after supper.

Johnny. But ma, I'm afraid there wont be any left.

Mrs. T. There will be at least ONE piece left for manners.

Johnny. I want you to save me some spanked cream to eat with my cake.

Mrs. T. You mean whipped cream.

Johnny. Well, what's the difference between whipped and spanked, I'd like to know. (Enter Mrs. Pharisee.)

Mrs. T. Well! If here isn't Mrs. Pharisee. I'm so glad to see you. Take a chair. How are you to-day.?

Mrs. P. (Sitting down.) I'm not so well by a great deal. I can hardly go at all. It seems as though I never would be well again. My health is getting worse all the time; but I'm so patient and resigned, I never complain.

Mrs. T. Take off your bonnet.

Mrs. P. I don't know as it's worth while. I guess I can't stay long.

Mrs. T. Oh, you can stay all day just as well as not, and I'm going to make you stay, so you had just as well take off your bonnet.

Mrs. P. Well, I'll stay if you won't go to much extra trouble about dinner. (Takes off her bonnet.) I hav'nt any appetite at all, so if you don't have anything for dinner but fried chicken and ham and eggs, and boiled cabbage and turnips and potatoes, and pie and cake and plum pudding, and apple dumplings and sauce, and preserves and jelly, and good bread and butter, and coffee, I can make out very well. I didn't come to eat, no how.

(Johnny laughs.)

Mrs. P. Now, Johnny, what are you laughing at? Sister Thoughtless, do you think he was laughing at me?

Mrs. T. I wouldn't be surprised, he often laughs at almost nothing.

Mrs. P. He ought to be admonished. If I felt able I'd give him a real good talking to about such conduct, but my head feels too full and bad for such exertion.

Johnny. May be you've slept with your head too low, and your brains have run down into it.

Mrs. T. Johnny, you mustn't put in when older folks are talking. Go out and pile up that wood as I told you to. (Exit Johnny.) I'm afraid Johnny's getting too sharp and saucy.

Mrs. P. The pertness of all children now-days is enough to try the patience of a saint. (Takes out her knitting.) I brought my knitting along. I don't believe in being idle.

Mrs. T. Neither do I, and like you, when I go out to spend the day I always take my knitting along. One so enjoys talking when knitting."

Mrs. P. Yes, and knitting is good for nervousness, and I'm so nervous and worried about so many poor folks coming into our church, and Cheery Jones and Charity Good are a good deal to blame for this, for they took pains to invite poor outsiders to our church and saw to it that they were seated well up in front when they came. And Brother Wise hurried to them to shake hands with them, and said to them, like he MEANT it, "I'm so glad to see you here, friends. I hope you will come as often as you can. We need your help." I told him I was afraid our church would be over-burdened with poor folks. He just said, "And the poor have the gospel preached to them." Cheery, Charity and Sister Wise are arranging to give a free Thanksgiving dinner for the poor folks in our midst, but they will not get anything from me for it. I gave them a piece of my mind about such doings. If we have anything to give we ought to send it to the poor heathen in foreign lands.

Mrs. T. Well, I never thought of that when they came to see if I would give anything toward the dinner. Charity said it was our duty to see to it that every one in our community has something on

Thanksgiving day for which to be thankful, if it is nothing more than a good dinner. Charity said, "The more happiness we dispense the more good we can accomplish," and she thought we could give more happiness according to the expense, in giving a good dinner on that day to those who otherwise would not have such a dinner, than we could in any other way. So I told them I'd roast my biggest turkey and send them for the dinner. Cheery said, "You must come and help eat it, for we want enough well-to-do people present to keep the poor from feeling that they are a separate class." Brother Wise and Deacon Jones are going to be there and do all they can toward the success of the undertaking, and Mr. Irony says he will do everything within his wife's power toward getting up the dinner, and all within his own power toward getting away with it.

Mrs. P. Oh, dear! Such worldliness.

(Enter Cheery Jones.)

Cheery. Good morning, friends. Who comes oftener than I do, Mrs. Thoughtless?

Mrs. T. They who come twice to your once. But I'm glad to see you any time. You are always so cheerful and good natured.

Mrs. P. It is easy enough to be good natured when one has everything her own way, as you have, sister Jones. But if you couldn't do as you please and had to worry like other women do, maybe you wouldn't be any better natured than other folks.

Mrs. Jones. I don't know of any law or command saying, THOU SHALT WORRY, and as worrying never does any good, I keep as free from it as possible. I don't even worry about the comet, though Bill Nye says, "A comet is as good a thing to worry about as anything he knows of."

(Enter Deacon Jones and Mr. Irony.)

Deacon. Good morning, folks. Isn't this a beautiful day?

Mrs. T. It's just perfect, and so enjoyable.

Mrs. P. We should ever bear in mind that there's nothing perfect here.

Mr. I. Indeed we should. True, the day seems bright and beautiful, and there's not a cloud visible anywhere, but as I came along I noticed a place in the sky where it looked like there might be a cloud in a few days. So folks had better go slow about enjoying such a day as this; it's nothing but a weather breeder.

Deacon. That's what Brother Growler says, and he's afraid it will rain before he can get his wife to carry the wood into the shed. He said he ordered her to carry it in to-day, but she said she didn't have time. He says she won't obey him any more only just as she pleases, and so, Cheery, he wants you to go over and give her a talking to about it.

Mrs. P. A woman had better learn to obey her OWN husband, before she goes to lecturing OTHER women for not obeying THEIRS. Charity begins at home.

Cheery. Yes, but it doesn't end there, else it is not charity, but only selfishness.

Mr. I. Deacon, from what Mrs. Pharisee says, I judge your wife does not always obey you.

Deacon. My wife always does just what I want her to do.

Mrs. P. WHY! DEACON JONES, every body knows that Cheery always does just as she pleases.

Deacon. Well, that's just what I WANT her to do.

Mrs. P. But Paul commanded wives to obey their husbands.

Cheery. What of that. Paul was only a man.

Mrs. P. That's blasphemy, Sister Jones, you ought to read your bible more.

Cheery. I've read my bible enough to know that Paul wasn't the Lord.

Deacon. Hurrah for you, Cheery. You're no fool, if you are my wife.

Mr. I. No, 'taint ketchin'. (Deacon, Cheery and Mrs. T. laugh.)

Mrs. P. It shocks me to hear church members laughng out so.

Mr. I. Yes, it is AWFUL. I never even SMILE above a whisper. Such hilarity among our church members might cause me to lose my religion, if I didn't keep it bottled up and only take the cork out on Sunday and at prayer meetings.

Mrs. T. I think we've got off the question.

Cheery. Yes. To obey—or not to obey—that's the question. Whether 'tis nobler in a wife to sacrifice her individuality on the alter of obedience to her husband, or to maintain her inherent right to exercise her OWN will and judgment. To obey—to yield, no more—to plan, or speak, or act for self, than if her reason were dethroned—'tis wet blanketism, devoutly to be shunned. To obey—and thus, perchance, consign to disuse her own God-given power for good, aye, there's the rub. For power unused is power abused, than which there is no greater source of misery and wrong.

Mrs. T. I never thought of THAT before. Cheery, you are some on argument.

Mr. I. Aren't you afraid you'll get churchd for heresy, Mrs. Jones, for producing such arguments?

Cheery. I answer your question by asking one. Can "They twain shall be one flesh" mean that a wife should wrap her talents in a napkin of self-subordination and bury it beneath her husband's

rule? I pause for a reply.

Mr. I. Mrs. Pharisee, I'll let you answer Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. P. I don't think it is becoming for women to be arguing questions, and if all women were like me, they would have so many things to worry them in their own sphere, they wouldn't think of anything else.

Mrs. T. Cheery wont let anything worry her.

Mr. I. If she had as much cause for worrying as I have, she couldn't help it. For instance, I have just heard of six cures for rheumatism, and not one of our family has got it; and I had my life insured twenty years ago, and here I am not dead yet; and that isn't all I have to worry about, there's my pumpkins.

Deacon. Your pumpkins! What cause have you for worrying about them? They are as fine, large pumpkins as I ever saw, and they are about as thick on the ground as they could grow.

Mr. I. (Dolefully) Yes, but I think I've seen pumpkins a LITTLE bit YELLOWER. (Laughter.)

Mrs. P. With so much nonsense and frivolity among our church members, it is no wonder the world is getting worse.

Mrs. T. You always have such poor health, Mrs. Pharisee, I don't expect you ever feel like laughing. Don't you think the impure smell from the bone-dust factory so close to your house causes your bad health?

Mrs. P. No, indeed, for "to the PURE, ALL things are pure."

Mr. I. (Aside.) I wonder where Mrs. Phari-see's wings are?

Mrs. J. (Aside.) You know ALL angels don't have wings.

Mr. I. (Aside.) No, but all GEESE do.

Deacon. Cheery, Brother Irony came over to help fix up a table for the Thanksgiving dinner, and we want your advice about how to fix it.

Mrs. J. All right. Let's go right away and get at it.

(Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. J. and Mr. Irony.)

Mrs. T. (Rising.) I must go and get about dinner.

Mrs. P. (Rising.) I'll go to the kitchen with you, and sit there while you're getting dinner, if you have no objections.

Mrs. T. Certainly not; just come right along.
Curtain.

Scene II.—Mrs. Thoughtless, Mr. and Mrs. Wise and Deacon and Mrs. Jones all seated at a supper table.

Deacon. Sister Thoughtless, wasn't that a powerful sermon Brother Wise gave us last Sunday?

Mrs. T. Indeed it was. It seems like a pity to bring such a preacher as you, Brother Wise, to this small place, a worse preacher would have done, if we had only known where to FIND him. (Passes the cake and each takes a piece, leaving only one piece on the cake plate. Here Johnny slips in and stands behind Mrs. Thoughtless.)

Mrs. T. I have no wine to offer you. I don't keep any about the house on Johnny's account.

Mr. Wise. I'm glad to hear it. Doubtless thousands of drunkards ARE such, because of wine in their homes when they were children.

Mrs. Jones. I believe that if mothers would place the quarantine of prohibition over every home door, clear away the cider cask, wine bottle and tobacco pouch, children might reach manhood and woman-

hood with natural and untainted appetites, and sa-
loons would go down for want of patronage.

Mrs. W. And if the homes were quarantined
against evil communications, children might grow
up purer minded, more charitable and more zealous
in good works. "Beware of little ears," is advice
well worth heeding. Hence, when in the presence
of children we should especially guard well our con-
versation and let no unjust or uncharitable remarks
about others pass our lips.

Deacon. Sister Thoughtless, your cake is so good
I'll have to have another piece.

Mrs. T. Certainly. (Passes it and he takes the
last piece.)

Johnny sobs out. Ma, there goes the last piece
of cake, manners and all.

Curtain.

BOYS' TALK.

Characters:—Sam, Dick, Bob, Will, Pat, Roy, each
supplied with fishing rod and hook.

Scene.—Sam, Dick, Bob and Will seated on a log
and each whittling. Enter Pat, whistling.

Sam. Hello, Pat, we're ahead of you.

Pat. Yis, I had to fince up that lot by our house
afore I could come.

Dick. What's the use of fencing up that lot; it's
so poor a cow would starve to death on it.

Pat. Shure und that's what fur I finced it, so
our cow couldn't git on it and starve to death.

Enter Roy, saying: Hurrah, boys, you beat me
here, didn't you? I got so interested reading about
the contested seats in Congress, I like to have for-

gotten about our aiming to go a fishing to-day.

Bob. It isn't quite the time we were to start from here, and Math hasn't come yet, so while we're waiting for him let's have a little talk on what we intend to be when we're men.

Will. All right. I intend to be a farmer. A farmer is generally one of the most free, useful and honored of men.

Roy. You are away off there, Will. Farmers are nothing but servants and drudges for the rest of mankind, and are considered nobodies.

Bob. I think you are badly mistaken, Roy. To-day an honest, intelligent farmer is considered the peer of any man in our country. A farmer once said: "On my farm I am king. No man can spit tobacco juice about me, or befoul my air with smoke from their mouths, or make me listen to swearing or any impure talk. I do not have to put up with anybody's impudence as a matter of business policy."

Will. That's so. A farmer can be one of the most free and independent of men. HE does not have to bow to the public to secure patronage, and he can go a fishing, or on a pleasure trip without fear of losing custom by being away from his business. I challenge you to name another vocation where adherents are more free in this respect.

Sam. I say, hurrah for the farmer, but I intend to be a lawyer. and any time you wish legal advice, Will, I'll be at your service.

Will. Thank you, but I intend to keep my fences in good repair and keep farm implements sufficient for my own use, so I'll not have to borrow, and mind my OWN truck patch instead of minding THAT of my neighbor, hence, I'll not be likely to need much legal advice.

Sam. Perhaps not MUCH, but you'll need some advice about posting your farm, etc.

Will. I don't know as I'll post my farm. If there is not already a law making posting farms as unnecessary as posting a store room would be, I'll stir up my fellow farmers on the subject and we will have such a law enacted at once.

Sam. Your head's level. If I can make as good a lawyer as you will a farmer, I'll be satisfied. But I guess we've taken up our share of the time, Will. Let up hear from some others now. Pat, I guess it's your time.

Pat. Shure, and I'm going to be an Amirican, thin I kin do everything.

Dick. I want to see you when you are carrying water in a sieve.

Pat. All right, Come around when it frazes. I say, Hurrah for Amiriky. It's the grandest country on the earth. There's the most land here, and the most to eat, and we've got everything in the wurruld.

Will. We havn't any 3,949-foot volcanoes, like the one six miles east of Naples.

Bob. But that's nothing. We have a waterfall that would put it out in three shakes.

Pat. Yis, und our waterfall kapes up its business all the time, stiddy be jerks.

Sam. Yes, and is always at home when a fellow calls to see it, which is more than can be said of any volcano. Say, Pat, pa wants a boy to work with me this summer, and I believe you'd just suit, but you mustn't die on our hands like the last boy pa had hired did.

Pat. I've a ricomendation to prove I niver died on anybody's hands.

Sam. How many children are there of you?

Pat. Jist me and the baby's all.

Sam. Is the baby a boy or a girl?

Pat. Guess.

Sam. Well, I'll guess it's a boy.

Pat. Faith, und yez missed it. Guess again.

Sam. Well, it's a girl, then.

Pat. Faith, somebody's been telling yez.

Dick. I think it's about my time to speak now. I intend to be a humorous lecturer. I think there is lots of charity in making people laugh and forget their troubles. Happy laughter shakes the cobwebs from one's brains.

Roy. You might give us a sample of your lectures now, so as to clear our brains.

Dick. All right, here goes. Ladies and gentlemen, I feel like I owe you an apology for appearing before you with dingy cuffs. Thinking to get them laundried, I asked one of your citizens if his wife took in washing, and he said, "Of course she does. You didn't suppose she would leave it out over night when you are out of jail, did you?" That discouraged me, so I concluded to let my cuffs go dingy. I will now proceed with my lecture. The only hindrance to my being the best lecturer out is my youth, but I'll outgrow THAT. But this is a youth's age, or rather a CHILDREN'S age as the following will prove: "An old gentleman, while preaching, was horrified on discovering his little son behind him in the pulpit pelting his congregation with peanuts, and on the old gentleman's stopping his preaching to reprove his boy, the boy said: "Go ahead and tend to your preaching, daddy, and I'll tend to keeping 'em awake." I thank you, ladies and gentlemen.

Bob. I think of being a temperance lecturer. How does that strike you, boys.

Pat. Make us a spache and we'll tell ye.

Bob. All right. Ladies and gentlemen: If a young man, to whom all in your community are

strangers, comes to live among you, don't stand aloof with folded hands, and let the saloonkeepers get ahead of you in offering him friendship, and inviting him to social gatherings, for who does not try to keep one from the saloon is as responsible for his going there as the one who invites him to go there, for who allows a wrong shares in it. To the boys of this audience I will say, if you would not be a slave to alcohol never take the first glass of liquor. If you would escape the awful diseases caused by the tobacco habit, never taste the weed in any form. Grasp all the information that you can on the effect of alcohol and tobacco on the human system and you will surely never taste either.

Pat. Whin I git big I believe I'll go over to auld Ireland and make some spaches like Bob's. But wont I go for the saloonkeepers?

Dick. The saloonkeeper will probably retaliate and go for YOU, and if you don't get out of their way in less than five minutes they'll kill you.

Pat. Thin I'll git out of their way in less thin five minutes.

Dick. Then you'll be a coward. I'd rather stand my ground for five minutes ANYHOW than to be a coward.

Pat. Shure, und it's me that would ruther be a coward for five minutes than be a DEAD man the rest of me life. Roy, it's your time now.

Roy. Well, I should think so; so I'll take the floor. I intend to be a politician like .pa, and run for office. I'm keeping myself posted up on the political news. I read all about the contested seats in the Legislature and in Congress.

Bob. It will make no difference how well versed you are in political news, you'll have to change your tune about the farmers before you can be elected to any office. In THIS day woe unto the candidate

who looks upon farmers as being mere drudges and inferiors.

Roy. Well, if anybody says I look upon farmers thus, it's a political lie. I think farmers are as good as anybody and worthy to be on an equality with the greatest men in our land, so Will, I want you to just put yourself on an equality with me.

Will. I'd have to blow my brains out.

Roy. I like your joking, but you're pretty independent in your talk.

Will. Well, didn't I tell you farmers are an independent set. I want to fully impress this upon your mind before you start out stumping.

Sam. Yes, and you had better study up on manners, too. I saw you stand and stare at two ladies you met the other day, until they got out of your sight. Were you admiring their camels-hair dresses?

Roy. How do you know they had on camels-hair dresses?

Sam. Why, I guess I could see the humps.

Roy. Well, to tell the truth, I did not notice THEIR DRESS at all, I was too intent on keeping a portion of my OWN apparel from their view in case they should look back, for I had just been sitting under a farmer's apple tree, and the farmer's dog came and contested my seat.

Dick. Ha, ha, ha, YOU'LL DO, Roy. Now favor us with a sample of your stump speeches.

Roy. With pleasure, if you'll conduct yourselves like unto big folks at political speakings.

Sam. We will, and I will introduce you to the audience like I recently heard your pa introduce a speaker. You stand back till I get through. Ladies and gentlemen: I have the honor of introducing to you a gentleman who is known from Maine to Kennebec and from California to Sacramento; a gen

tleman whose name as a statesman and patriot has spread all over the length and breadth of our land and is a household word in every home, and is so firmly fixed on the minds of our people, that it can never for one moment be forgotten by a single individual in this country. This gentleman of such note is none other than the Honorable Mr. — Mr. — the Honorable Mr. — Mister Honorable Mister (Turning to Roy) What is your name; I've forgotten. (Roy tells him.) Oh, yes, the Honorable Mr. Roy, who will now address you.

Roy. (Applause.) Ladies and gentlemen: I feel highly honored by the gentleman's eulogistic introduction of my humble self to this very intelligent audience. (Great applause.) I fear my remarks will fall far short of the expectations of this worthy assembly (Boys applaud.) But I am in the hands of my friends in the service of my party. Our's is the party for the masses, instead of the classes, and is the only political party which is composed entirely of honest, upright and intelligent people. (Appluse.) I want to say right here, If I am elected, and I SHALL be, I will look after the interests of all classes, especially farmers, and I want you to remember when you vote for ME you vote for an honest man who has the good of our people at heart. There is no shoddy about ME. I'm all WOOL and a yard WIDE. (Spreads out his arms.) I understand there are some persons present who desire to ask me some questions. I'm now ready and shall be pleased to answer any questions.

Will. What made you leave our party and come out against old Mr. Hanks?

Roy. I didn't leave your party, your party left me.

Will. Oh, you couldn't keep up, eh? Well, Hanks is an able man and I think I'll vote for him; he's good enough.

Roy. Certainly, Mr. Hanks is an able man, a VERY able man, but he's held the office for the last ten years. You don't want to keep the same man in one office always, do you? Holding office is like farming. You are a good farmer, and you believe in the rotation of crops, don't you?

Will. Yes, but I'm not going to plant last year's potatoe patch in skunk cabbage for the sake of rotation of crops.

Dick. Mr. Speaker, what is a political caucus?

Roy. I think it's where a lot of men get together and vote as ONE man tells them to.

Bob. Mr. Roy, give us your views on the Temperance question, if you please.

Roy. I would be pleased to do so, but that would be out of order at a political meeting. I think whisky should be kept out of politics.

Sam. If you had said whisky should be kept out of politicians you'd have hit the nail on the head.

Bob. That's so, Sam; I think you make a good judge for our court.

Roy. If there are no more questions I will close my remarks. On election day you voters must remember to vote for me early and often, and watch the other side or they will get in fraudulent votes. (Applause.) Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for your high appreciation of my remarks. (Applause.) I would like for all of you to come to the stand at the close of this meeting so I can shake hands with you. Again I thank you. (Resumes his seat.)

Sam. Ladies and gentlemen, I propose three cheers for our party and Mr. Roy—Hip, hip, hip, (All) Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! (Boys rush up to shake hands with Roy.)

Dick. Whooppee! Yonder comes Math; let's be off in a hurry, now!

The other boys. All right. (All start off whistling.)

Curtain.

DISTRICT SCHOOL ON FRIDAY AFTER-NOON.

Characters: Teacher, Rufus, George, Charlie, John, Lizzie, James, Mary, Ida, Willie, Joseph, Dora, Sadie, Ruth, Lucy.

Scene:—School in session.

Teacher. We will now have miscellaneous exercises. First on our programme is questions and answers. Let each remember to stand while answering a question, and also cite instances to verify your answers. Who discovered America?

Joe. It wasn't ME.

Teacher. Well, you try to find out who it was, and tell us tomorrow. What is said of the power of the human voice?

Lucy. The human voice is powerful enough to tear down a house with. For instance, crazy Jake tore down the stairs with a shrill shriek.

Teacher. If any of you are not satisfied with an answer as given, don't be afraid to get up and say so. What is a Demagogue?

Rufus. A demagogue holds alcoholic liquors.

Mary. That's a demijohn. A demagogue is any factious man, who has influence with the great body of people in a city or community.

Ben. That's no sign he don't hold alcoholic liquors.

Teacher. What is the noblest work of God?

Charlie. It is said, "An honest man is the noblest work of God."

James. That aint so, for my mother is nobler than ANY MAN.

Teacher. What is the promise to those who honor their parents?

Carrie. "Honor thy father and mother, and thy days shall be long upon the land."

Lucy. I honored my parents yesterday, but the day was not a bit longer for me. I had to go to bed as early as ever last night.

Teacher. What is true courtesy?

George. True courtesy consists in always doing as you would be done by, and never doing as you wouldn't be done by. For instance, don't look around and pay no attention when one is talking to you, and when he gets through ask him to repeat what he said; don't jest at anothers's expense; don't persist in talking on subjects that the rest of the company know nothing about; don't ridicule the imperfections of others; don't boast of your ancestors, for you cant soar on their fame.

James. The less a man amounts to, the prouder he is of his ancestors, and does little else but boast of them, and depends on their fame to carry him through the world, but he generally finds himself left, and you may be sure his ancestors couldn't be proud of him. The question in THIS country is not what were your ancestors and what did they do, but what are YOU, and what have YOU done?

Lizzie. I think the most general question in this country is, what are you worth? We'd better keep still about our remote ancestors, for according to Darwin, they did nothing in the world but monkey around. (Willie begins to whistle.)

Teacher. Who is whistling in school?

Joe. ME! Didn't you know I could WHISTLE?

Teacher. Why no. But you mustn't whistle in

school. Can you tell me what whisky does to a man when he drinks it?

Wille. Don't you know? It makes him drunk.

Charlie. Whisky kindles up a fire in a fellow's stomach which cooks his brain.

Teacher. Who was the strongest man that ever lived.

John. It is said the strongest man that ever lived was Samson, but I think Jonah was the strongest man. For instance, the whale couldn't hold him after he got him down. (Willie goes noisily to get a drink.)

Teach. Willie, see if you can go back to your place more quietly. Go like a mouse.

Willie. All right. (Gets down and creeps along on his hands and feet.)

Teacher. WILLIE, get up. You may come and sit by me for the present. (Willie gets up and sits by teacher.) What is honesty?

Sadie. Honesty is to think, speak and act the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, for instance, Simon Peter and Andrew, his brother, were noted for honesty, because they owned up that they had been fishing all night and hadn't caught anything.

Teacher. Ruth, what is absent-mindedness?

Ruth. Absent-mindedness is forgetting who you are. For instance, A man put a card on his office door saying, "Out, will return soon," and on his return he sat down on the step to wait for himself.

Teacher. Which are the most dangerous straits?

Ida. The most dangerous straits are whisky straits, but if you never take the first drink you'll never get into these straits.

Teacher. Dora, do you know anything about disappointments?

Dora. Everybody knows something about disappointments. This world is full of them. For instance, I started to make my doll a bonnet, and it came out a pair of pants.

Charlie. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

Teacher. John, what is an anthem?

John. Well, if I say, Bill, give me that blue book, that is not an anthem, but if I say, Bill-Bill-Bill-give-give-give-give me, give me that-Bill, give me, give me that blue, give me that blue, blue-book, book-Bill give-give me that-that blue-blue book-book-book-book, ah-men Bill, givemethatbluebook, book, ah-men, why that is anthem.

Ida. An anthem is a sacred piece of music set to words taken from the Scriptures.

Teacher. That's correct. Joe, can you tell who wrote the Declaration of Independence?

Joe. It wasn't ME.

James. It is thought that Thomas Jefferson was the author of the Declaration of Independence.

Ruth. I think Abigail Adams was its author. A prominent newspaper, commenting on one of her letters to her husband, John Adams, said, "Here was a declaration of independence preceding by seven months that which has become so famous. It should never be forgotten that side by side the men and women of the Revolution objected to and protested against taxation without representation."

Teacher. Who began the late civil war?

Joe. I never.

Ida. The Confederates, under Gen. Beauregard, began the war by an attack on Fort Sumter.

Teacher. Willie, you can go to your seat, now. (Willie gets up but stands still.)

Teacher. What are you waiting for?

Willie. I'm waiting for the present.

Teacher. The present? What for?

Willie. For sittin' by you. You told me to sit by you for the present.

Teacher. Well, go to your seat, now, and I'll see what I can find for you. (Goes to his seat.) We will hear your composition, Dora.

Dora. Boys is my subject. Boys is awful wearin' on everything but soap. When a boy does anything mean he never feels a bit bad about it, but just goes ahead having a good time. A girl isn't that way. Aunt Lucy heard there was going to be a cyclone down where she lives, so she sent her three boys up to stay at our house till it blowed over, and they hadn't more'n got there till they had the cat shut up in the flour chest, and broke up our sitting hens. They laughed at me 'cause I'se a girl, and were so naughty. I had to send my doll away from home to keep them from corrupting her morals. They knocked off our green fruit, and just turned things topsy-turvey, and just yelled and hollered around like mad. So papa wrote to aunt to please take her boys home and send the cyclone up. My papa is so nice I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy. If I had my way, one-half of the little boys in the world would be little girls, and the other half would be dolls. The end.

Teacher. Next, we will hear your essay, George.

George. The tobacco habit. It seems strange that this habit is so prevalent, when it has been proven that tobacco, either smoked or chewed, attacks all the functions essential to life, beginning with the center, the heart. On being asked as to the effect of tobacco on the brain, a prominent physician replied, "I don't know. Nobody who has any brains uses tobacco." Of course he was only joking. But still, when I see a stranger smoking I feel sure he is

not a college professor, a scientist, or a preacher, or a noted lecturer. The tobacco habit is a very filthy habit. Horace Greeley said: "Go to a crowded gathering where a few smokers have introduced themselves, a cigar projecting beneath the nose of each, a fire at one end and a fool at the other, and mark how the puff puffing transforms the air; they are wanting in appreciation of what is due to others. An eminent preacher calls the smoking car a pig pen on wheels. I'll never use tobacco in any form, for nicotine, one of its products, is the most powerful nerve poisons known and has no known antidote. I heard that one drop of nicotine on a dog's nose will kill a man.

Teacher. John, how was it I saw you making faces when George was reading?

John. I don't know. I held my slate up so I thought you couldn't see me.

Teacher. Well, don't you let me catch you making faces again.

John. I won't if I can help it. I didn't aim for you to catch me at it this time.

Teacher. Be still now. Rufus, we will hear your composition next.

Rufus. Girls is my subject. I wouldn't be a girl for anything, 'cause then I couldn't play football, nor climb trees, nor do anything but play with dolls and such silly things as that. I have four brothers, Ike and Joe and Jim and me, and nary girl among us to be all the time hollerin' at ma to make us be still. T'other day we were turning summersaults and trying to see who could holler the loudest, when Miss Prude came in, and she said to ma. "I should think four such boy would destroy your piece of mind." That riled Ike, and he up and said to Miss Prude, "Ma's got a whole mind. She aint like you." But ma said, "Boys will be

boys." Then Miss Prude said, "It's a pity one of your boys hadn't been a girl." So I up and said, "I'd like to know who'd a been 'er. I wouldn't a a been 'er, Joe wouldn't a been 'er, Ike wouldn't a been 'er, and we all know Jim wouldn't a been 'er, 'cause when the preacher said 'You must all be born again,' Jim cried right out in meetin', he was so 'fraid he'd be a girl next time."

Teacher. I expect you will change your opinion about girls by the time you are grown. Lizzie, we will hear your essay now.

Lizzie. Guard well thy thoughts, for thoughts are heard in heaven. As we think, so are we. How important it is that we not only harbor no evil thoughts, but that we think good thoughts. Evil thoughts may unbidden COME but they don't unbidden STAY, and only so far as we harbor a thought are we responsible for its results. As are our thoughts so are our words. I think it was Todd who said, "Remember that every word you utter wings it way to the throne of God, and is to affect the condition of your soul forever." As our happiness depends on our thoughts, let us be ever on the alert for a good thought, and when we find it, as we certainly will, for no one ever looked in vain for good, let us hold it up for others to enjoy, and straightway unselfishly apply it to some good purpose, so shall we accomplish that for which this life was given us, and glorify our Father in Heaven.

Teacher. Has anyone any questions to ask?

George. If our ancestors were monkeys, as Lizzie intimated they were, what are we?

James. Why, we're DUDES, of course, for it is plain to everybody that a dude is a monkey without a tail.

Mary. Which is the highest mountain of North America?

Teacher. Joe, can you answer that question?

Joe. 'Taint ME.

Ida. According to the latest bulletin of the American Geographical Society Mt. Logan is the highest mountain of North America; it is 19,500 feet high, therefore, by 1,500 feet higher than Mt. St. Elias in Alaska, which has been thought the highest.

Sadie. Who was George Washington's father?

Teacher. Can't some of you little boys tell us who George Washington's father was?

Joe. It wasn't me.

John. George Washington's father was the grand-father of his country.

Ida. What is the meaning of "Make hay while the sun shines?"

Rufus. I guess it means that you've got to make all the money you can before Congress takes up, so as to have something to live on till it's out.

Sadie. I think the meaning of "Make hay while the sun shines," is do good every time you have an opportunity, and don't wait for a more convenient season to do what you ought to do now.

Teacher. It is time for the closing ceremony. The standard-bearer will please present the flag. (Standard-bearer retires to get the flag. Joe falls off the bench, and hastily getting up says: "It wasn't me.") (Laughter.)

Joe. Teacher, they are laughing at me.

Ida. We wern't laughing at you, but at what you did and said. (Re-enter standard-bearer with the flag and displays it at the teacher's desk, where-upon the flag salute is given.)

Teacher. Why do we honor and salute our flag?

Ruth. Because it is the emblem of the best

government that 'ere the sun shone upon. Love of country is closely allied to love of God, and the salute to the flag is one of the means by which the little citizens of this Republic express their gratitude to God for the great privileges and opportunities which the system of education in the public schools, established and maintained by the State, confers upon and gives them, so with the salute begins the patriotic education of the children of the Republic, and with such education abroad in our land our country will be safe, and our flag continue to be honored by all the nations of the world.

Teacher. School is dismissed now.

(Scholars march out quietly preceded by standard-bearer with flag.)

Curtain.

THE SOCIAL.

Characters: Mr. and Mrs Gruff, Mr. Dude and Miss Dudine, Mr. Sharp, Miss Outspoken, Mrs. Witty, Mrs. Knowall.

Scence.—Mr. Gruff counting money. Enter Mrs. Gruff.

Mrs. G. There now I have put the baby to bed and got everything ready for our little social.

Mr. G. This lamp don't look like it's been trimmed for a month. I can't hardly see how to count this money. I wish there was no such a thing as an election. Here I've got to pay a fellow on the other side a lot of money because the election went wrong, and we'll have to live more economically or we'll be broke up.

Mrs. G. I'll have to have five cents to buy a paper of pins.

Mr. G. What's become of that nickle's worth you got last year? I can't spare you any money now to squander on pins; we can't afford luxuries these hard times; but it's about time for the folks to come, and it don't look to me like you've arranged anything right for the social. You've fixed the chairs wrong, and got the piano in the wrong place.

Mrs. G. And worst of all, I'm afraid I've put the wrong BABY to bed. There, I believe I hear some of the folks at the door now. I'll go and see. (Starts.)

Mr. G. Don't you tell any of them that I bet on the election.

Mrs. G. You need'nt be afraid I'll tell that. I'm too ashamed of it. (Exit)

Mr. G. I'll bet she'll tell it. A woman can't keep a secret to save her life. (Re-enter Mrs. G., ushering in Mr. Dude, Miss Dudine, Miss Outspoken, Mr. Sharp and Mrs. Witty. Miss Dudine and Miss Outspoken are seated, one on the right, the other on the left of Mr. Dude, the rest are seated on the opposite side of the room.)

Mr. D. (Aside.) Miss Dudine I'm so glad you came heah to-night. I was afraid I would be the only one of the upper ten here, and the evening would be a pufect drag to me.

Miss D. (Aside.) I'm delighted to see you here Mr. Dude, I was fearful I would be the only one of our set here, and I'd have a dull time of it. But ar'nt the stars bright to-night? I wish I'd studied botany.

Mr. D. It's a pleasure to know the botanical names of the stars. (Turning to Miss O.) I beg your pardon Miss Outspoken, I had forgotten you were heah. I'm absent-minded, don't you know.

Miss O. Yes, I noticed the absence of mind.

Miss D. Mr. Dude are you acquainted with Mrs. Witty.

Mr. D. No, but I'm not hankering after an introduction to her. She doesn't look so very stylish.

Miss D. No, but I'm afraid she will think hard of me if I don't give her an introduction to you. I'd hate for her to think I slighted her. She is quite wealthy.

Mr. D. Oh, well trot her out then.

Miss D. Let us just step across the room to her and as soon as the introduction is over we can come back here.

Mr. D. Alright. (They go to Mrs. Witty.)

Miss D. Mrs. Witty, this is Mr. Dude.

Mrs. W. (Courtesies, looks at Dude a moment, then says,) "Trot him back."

Mr. D. Ah now Mrs. Witty you needn't think you can get shed of me that easy. I've heard of your wit and I'm going to stay here and have a chat with you.

Mrs. W. Oh, I could easily hear everything you said from where you and Miss Dudine were sitting, and I'm sure I can speak so you can hear me from there and will not feel a bit slighted if you go back there.

Mr. D. Wasn't it bad form for you to say, "trot him back?"

Mrs. W. Possibly it was, but no worse for you to say "trot her out." (Enter Mrs. Knowall with shawl over her head.)

Mrs. K. Good evenin' folks, I like to a been late didn't I?

Mrs. G. "Better late than never." Take a chair.

Mrs. K. (Takes off shawl and sits down.) I'd

ruther be late than to have to lose time waiting for other folks.

Mr. S. When you find out what a treat we're to have this evening you will be glad you came anyhow, if you couldn't get here early. We are going to have a tableaux.

Mr. K. Laws, I know'd it. I smelt 'em.

Miss D. Mr. Gruff do you enjoy cantatas?

Mr. G. I didn't know they ever canned 'taters.

Mrs. K. Laws, I knowed it.

Mrs. W. There, Mr. Sharp, I reckon you are convinced now that women are more knowing than men are.

Mr. G. They had better not know so much than to know so many things that ar'nt so. But if they knew as much as they think they do they'd be employed in political campaigns.

Mr. S. Well there are two women who are more employed in political campaigns than any number men, and they do more harm, break up more friendships and cause more bitterness in politics than all others. Happily they're soon forgotten after election. Their names are Campaign Lies and Election Bets.

Mrs. W. Just as I expected, they are women only in name, and neither of them ever had any mother.

Mr. G. Campaign lies may be soon forgotten, but I'll have to make a good deal of money before I can forget the last election bets.

Mrs. W. Well Mr. Gruff, when we women get hold of the reins of government we'll banish election bets from this country by confiscating, for educational purposes, all moneys won on such bets, and disfranchise the participants in such bets, 'til they learn sense enough to quit it.

Mr. S. Let's give women the right of suffrage immediately. What say you Mr. Gruff and Dude?

Mr. D. I say a women had better stay in her sphere, and keep out of politics. She'd better stay at home and tend to her business raising her children.

Mrs. W. That's the last argument to which anti-suffragists resort when beaten.

Mr. D. Well I'll nevah marry a strong-minded woman.

Mrs. W. Well I guess you won't.

Mr. G. Women would play smash with the government if they were allowed the right of suffrage. It is necessary to keep a great many secrets in politics, and everybody knows that women can't keep a secret, besides they don't know anything about what offices are to be filled. I was told yesterday that we have two congressmen at large in this state, and I'll bet there aint a women around here who knew THAT.

Mrs. K. Laws I knowed that. I heard 'em last night. My old man thought it was gas escaping from the gas well, but I knowed it was nothing but some of them noisy critters at large.

Mr. S. You are pretty hard on Congressmen, Mrs. Knowall. Aint you afraid they'll retaliate?

Mrs. K. Laws no. They jist make a noise, and I'm not afeared of the biggest noise that ever lived.

Mr. G. Why din't your old man come along with you, Mrs. Knowall?

Mrs. K. He was afeared of the night air.

Mr. S. I'm afraid he's getting old-womanish.

Mrs. W. I hope he is, for then he will not be old-manish, which is so much worse.

Mr. S. Miss Dudine, didn't you go to school to me a few years ago?

Miss D. Yes sir, and I feel indebted to you for all I know!

Mr. S. Pray, don't mention such a trifle.

Mr. D. Did any of you see my black-faced awn-telope to-day?

Mrs. W. I didn't know you had a black-faced aunt.

Mrs. K. Laws I knowed it.

Mr. S. I'm afraid they're getting ahead of you, Dude.

Mr. G. (Aside.) I'll tell you how to get even with Mrs. Witty, Dude. just ask her her age, but you'll not find it out from her. A woman's age is the ONE secret she CAN keep, and you can't persuade, nor surprise her into telling it if she don't want it known.

Mr. D. (Aside.) It's bad form to ask a lady her age, but I'll find out Mrs. Witty's age from her without her dreaming what I'm about; see if I don't. Mrs. Witty, I understand that this is not your native town. How old were you when you moved here?

Mrs. W. I was about 20 years old.

Mr. D. How long have you been living here?

Mrs. W. Ever since I was about 20 years old.

Mr. Arn't you glad you found out?

Mr. D. I guess you are right, Gruff. Miss Out-spoken, I've been wanting to ask you what made you hold your handkerchief to your nose when I was smoking in the street car where you were? Does it annoy you for a gentlemen to smoke in your presence?

Miss O. I can't tell you; no gentleman ever smoked in my presence.

Mr. D. Ha, ha, I see you you're fond of joking.

Mr. S. Mrs. Witty, according to your argument that people are responsible for what they could prevent, young ladies are responsible for young men

smoking in public, for if all young ladies would speak out as plainly and truthfully about this habit as does Miss Outspoken, young men would surely quit it.

Mrs. Witty. That might stop the young MEN from smoking in public, but wait till women are allowed their rights to help make laws, and we will have a law against any one's smoking in public and vitiating the air which others must breathe.

Miss D. I'm tired of hearing of woman's rights. I've got all the rights I want. If allowed to vote we'll have to stand up in street cars like men do. (Puts some wax in her mouth and goes to chewing vigorously.)

Mrs. W. When we get the suffrage, I think that no one will have to stand up in street cars, for we will make a law that those who can't get a seat can do as they please about paying any fare.

Mr. S. I reckon you will also pass a law against ladies chewing gum in public, for isn't this habit nearly as harmful as smoking?

Miss O. No, for it injures only the one who indulges in it, while smoking may be injurious to those around one who indulges in it. Since it has been conceded that chewing gum may cause insanity, this habit is waning.

Mr. S. Perhaps another cause for the falling off of the chewing gum habit is, that indulging in it is said to spoil one's looks, for women are vain you know.

Mrs. W. Of course women are vain, and equally of course men are not vain. Why, the head of the handsomest man present looks like he hadn't looked in a mirror to-day. (Each man present slyly takes from his pocket a mirror and comb, and looking in the mirror, combs his hair.)

Miss O. As to who are more vain, men or women, I think it is six of one and half a dozen of the other, as it is in about everything else.

Mrs. G. That's what Miss Green says.

Mr. D. Don't you think Miss Green is foolish?

Mrs. W. No, not at all.

Mr. D. Anybody who flirts is foolish, and Miss Green flirted with me all last evening.

Mrs. W. Well, then she is foolish.

Mr. D. Mrs. Witty, do you know my family name dates back several hundred years?

Mrs. W. That's nothing; mine dates back before the flood.

Mr. S. Dude, the only way to win in an argument with a woman, is to walk off when you have stated your side of it. But Mrs. Witty, I've never seen any account of any of your family sailing in Noah's ark.

Mrs. W. Of course not. They had an ark of their own.

Mr. D. You'd bettah have walked off and not waited for an answer, Mr. Sharp.

Mr. S. That's so. It makes a man feel small to be out-argued by a lady, doesn't it?

Mr. D. Well, I should think. Why, I feel like an inspired idiot.

Miss O. But you don't look at all INSPIRED.

Mrs. G. (Rising.) Please excuse me for awhile.
(Exit.)

Mr. G. I'll bet I know something none of you know.

Mrs. W. I should think you'd had enough betting.

Mr. G. Now, who's been telling you that I bet on the election?

Mrs. W. No one but you has told me anything about it. But what is it you know that we don't?

Mr. G. It's a secret, and I promised not to tell it.

Mr. Dude. Ah well, tell us anyhow, we'll nevah breathe it to a soul.

Mr. S. And we'll help you to keep it. (Aside.) That is to keep it going. Let's have it.

Mr. G. Alright then, but you mustn't tell anybody else. I had to promise not to tell it before it was told to me. It is this, my wife's neice, Miss Prim, is going to get married next month. Remember, now, this is confidential, and you must not let it go any further.

Mr. S. Of course not. But how did you find it out?

Mr. G. My wife told me. She is just like any woman, she can't keep a secret.

Mrs. G. Ladies and gentlemen, please walk out to the dining room and have some refreshments, after which we will have tableaux.

Curtain.

WHICH IS THE GREATER FOE TO OUR
COUNTRY, TOBACCO OR ALCOHOL?

Characters:—Five Boys.

1st. B. I think that tobacco is a greater foe to our country than is alcohol because it is a more secret enemy, in that its evil tendencies are not so discernable to the masses as are those of alcohol, hence there is not so much attempt to discourage its use as there is to discourage the use of alcohol; yet it is said to be as expensive as the latter, and it is its nature as fully as it is that of alcohol, to produce distressing and fatal diseases, and to stunt the body and mind of him who uses it; besides it may so dull his finer sensibilities that he will smoke in the presence of others unmindful of the fact that this is an infringement on their rights in poisoning the air which they must breathe. As there is no legal bar to his smoking any time or anywhere he chooses, he often indulges in it in public assemblies, and thereby many a boy is led on till he becomes a slave to this habit. SOME ladies who would draw aside their garments lest they touch the garments of one who is so degraded as to drink in public, apparently think it an honor to walk the street with a gentleman while he is smoking. At a political meeting, the speaker, being an inveterate smoker, was puffing at a cigar on his arrival at the speaker's stand in front of the assembly, but this did not seem to lose him any esteem, for he was applauded to the echo on stepping forward to begin his speech, and at the close of the meeting the "big-bugs" of the place rushed up to shake hands with him and showed by their actions that they wanted it to be thought that he was a particular friend of theirs. Whereas, had he taken a drink of whisky before his audience, respectable people would not have cared about its being thought that they were even acquainted with him. The am-

bitious boy is aware of all this, and is thus warned that he must let alcoholic drinks alone if he would realize his desire for becoming a popular public speaker, but from appearances he judges that smoking will be rather a help than a hindrance to his reaching fame and fortune. He did not know that said speaker's sudden death from heart failure was due to the smoking habit, for such things are generally kept secret from the public. Tobacco often so depraves the appetite as to give its victim a thirst for stimulants which whisky is quickest to meet, so we see that besides its own harm tobacco is responsible for much of whisky's harm, by causing the acquiring of the alcoholic habit, "That which does no good does harm," and we know that tobacco does no good, and is unnecessary in any of life's callings, while alcohol is useful and very necessary in many of these callings, as in the successful treatment of diseases.

2nd B. I don't see how you CAN believe that tobacco is more harmful than is alcohol. Why, there are many intelligent persons who hold that tobacco is beneficial to the health and tends to longevity, but no one claims either of these for alcohol. We see on all sides of us old men whose finer sensibilities remain acute, and who are apparently robust and strong in body and mind, yet they have used tobacco almost all their lives. But we don't see any such old MEN who have used ALCOHOL a greater part of their lives. Alcohol not only BLUNTS a man's finer sensibilities, it kills them, so that he becomes insensible to the fact that shooting at random into a crowd of people or using profane and indecent language in the presence of others is an infringement on their rights. As to the tobacco habit creating an appetite for alcoholic drinks, it is well-known that thousands of persons who are addicted to the use of tobacco have not the smallest desire for such drinks,

but are as good and worthy temperance men as can be found. The public, to a great extent apparently measures the DISGRACE of a man's drinking by his worldly possessions or his station, the greater his wealth or his fame the less the esteem he losses through getting drunk, so that this habit seems to bring no reproach on a VERY wealthy man, or a VERY famous one. An eloquent orator stands before an audience, to all of whom it is evident that he is a little tipsy, so he has done the same as to drink in public, but that does not hinder him from being applauded and lionized by many of the respectable persons in the audience, and some attribute his eloquent and rousing speech to his being half drunk. The boy who sees and hears all this may conclude that the drinking habit tends to make one an eloquent orator and may be thus induced to acquire this habit, for he is kept in ignorance of the fact that it was alcohol which caused the aforesaid orator to be stricken with hopeless insanity a short time after his said speech. Scientific investigation and extended experience prove that alcohol is unnecessary in the practice of medicine and worse than useless in the treatment of diseases, while it is acknowledged that tobacco is good for reducing or preventing obesity and diseases. Alcohol is the work of art, while tobacco is the work of nature, and why does it grow if it is of no use? I pause for a reply.

3d. B. I suppose it grows for like purposes to other poisons, since it contains a poison which will produce death quicker than any other except prussic acid, and those old tobacco users of whom we heard happen to possess constitutions sufficiently vigorous to overcome this poison, so far, but I'm not going to risk using tobacco lest I find out too late that I have not the natural power in my system to overcome this poison and so would be a slave to it henceforth, for it is said that the tobacco habit is

even harder to shake off than is the alcoholic habit. Smoke when it enters the mouth absorbs the putrid emanations which it finds there, and diffuses them in the atmosphere. It is disgusting to reflect that, as you walk the crowded thoroughfare and are compelled to take in the fumes of a thousand cigars and pipes, you are respiring the foul effluvia from decayed teeth and filthy mouths and diseased lungs. Habitual smokers very often suffer from palpitation of the heart, and even from intermittent pulse—a beat being occasionally missed. This is called the tobacco heart, and frequently prevents its possessor from obtaining life insurance. Intelligent persons claiming that tobacco tends to longevity and is beneficial to health and has curative power, only renders it a more dangerous foe to our people, for science disproves these claims. The claim that it protects from disease has long since been exploded. The evils that it claims to cure are of its own making. It is simply a bad habit that uses you for its slave. The use of tobacco acts on the salivary glands, causing a profuse flow of saliva at first, followed by a thirst that water will not quench—hence, the desire for strong drink. True, there are thousands of persons who are addicted to the tobacco habit that never touch alcohol in any form, but there are very few drunkards who do not use tobacco. This proves that a far greater number are subject to its evil tendencies than are subject to the evil tendencies of alcohol. The fact it prevents obesity is but an argument against it, showing that he who uses it for this purpose is too weak-minded to comprehend that it would be a great deal wiser to eat less and exercise more to keep from getting too fat. If it is desirable to reduce the flesh of a horse, his master doesn't go to feeding him tobacco, he simply feeds him less corn and oats. I will admit that tobacco is not entirely useless. It is useful in killing

bugs and dudes, and it saves a fellow who smokes i extensively from having to spend but little, if any time in combing his hair, for according to eminent medical authority, smoking undoubtedly causes baldness by saturating the tissues of the body with nicotine, which disturbs the healthful functions of the body and tissues and affects the nutrition of the hair bulbs.

4th B. However injurious tobacco may be to the physicial body, no one can truthfully say it corrupts the morals as alcohol does and this is sufficient proof that the latter is a greater enemy to our nation than is the former, for on our morals we stand or fall. As this is a free country, where the majority rules, I infer that the májority of our people cannot, or at least do not, discern the evil tendencies of alcohol, else they would certainly prohibit the rum traffic herein since they could if they would. In the last yellow fever epidemic at Jacksonville, Fla., the fever being in a mild form struck fatally only those who who were addicted to the use of alcohol, yet from outward appearances you cannot discern that such diseases would strike a drunkard fatally, nor that he would be liable to bleed to death from a slight wound but such is the case.

5th B. The colored preacher said, "Now bredren dar am two roads in dis life. One am a broad an narrow road dat leads to perdition, de other am a narrow and broad road dat leads to destruction," whereupon Sambo jumped up and said, "Den dis nig-gah takes to de woods." And if all that you boys have said of tobacco and alcohol be true, it is the nature of one to produce misery and evil and of the other to produce evil and misery; so this boy takes to the prohibition woods where there is no possible danger from either of them; and boys, to clear from our own door all responsibility for the prevalence of the tobacco and alcoholic habits, let us do all we can

toward dispelling the ignorance as to their effects on the human system.

Curtain.

DISCUSSION IN SCHOOL.

Characters: Teacher, Gertie, Mary, Winnie, Jane, Albert, Lucy, Homer, and others if convenient.

Scene.—School in Session.

Teacher. It lacks a few moments of time for recess. How shall we spend these moments?

Gertie. Let's spend them in a little discussion on "How can one accomplish the most good?"

Teacher. Very well. Some one may start the discussion.

Mary. There are so many ways of doing good, I hardly know how to begin on this question, but as our individual gifts differ, so do the ways in which each can accomplish most good differ, hence, each must solve the question for self. According to our gifts, so is the good we MAY accomplish.

Win. And according to the USE we make of our gifts, so is the good we DO accomplish. It is not always the naturally most gifted who accomplish the most good, for gifts may be wonderfully improved by cultivation. In our various studies some of us find one faculty deficient and some another, but by turning our special attention to any one defect we may overcome it, and thereby do good.

Albert. I believe THAT. We know a carpenter can drive a nail better than others because he has turned his attention to that. The blacksmith can shoe a horse better than others because that is his business. So by making it our business to strengthen a weak faculty we will soon notice improvement in that di-

rection, and thus be enabled to do more good than we otherwise could.

Homer. As conscience without the resolution to obey it is useless, so unless we form good habits and good resolutions and stick to them, our natural gifts may be useless so far as accomplishing good is concerned.

Lucy. There is nothing better than being happy, hence, the more happiness one dispenses the more good one does. And as thoughtlessness of speech causes more unhappiness, perhaps, than any other one thing, so kind and thoughtful speech is productive of as much happiness as is anything else. By seeking to turn conversation into channels of joy, truth and charity at one's every opportunity, and having the moral courage to speak out in defense of the absent, one dispenses much happiness.

Gertie. A kind voice is a power for good, and this we all may have by cultivating our voices in that direction. There is often as much depends on the tone of voice in which a thing is said as on what is said. If every pupil in the public schools of our land would turn his or her attention to the cultivation of a kind voice, and make a business of saying only kind words to others, then the saying "Many a coffin is covered with roses by person who never before gave its occupant anything but thorns," might cease to be true.

Mary. A sweet temper and a kind smile are each a source of much happiness and benefit to humanity. A weary looking man was resting by the roadside, when a little girl came along, and on seeing him she smiled and said: "You are tired, aren't you?" The man said, "I was, till I saw you smile."

Win. True politeness is another source of happiness and likewise of good. Even dogs appreciate politeness as is evidenced by the following, viz: "A

brave terrier, belonging to a lady, one day discovered a monkey, belonging to an itinerant organ-grinder, seated on a bank in the grounds and at once made a dash at him. The monkey, who was attired in jacket and hat, awaited the onset with such tranquillity that the dog halted within a few feet of him. Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other. When the dog was evidently recovering from his surprise and was about to make a spring for the monkey, the latter raised his paw and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat. The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped and he sneaked off." Boys, by always being as polite as that monkey, we might be great peace-makers.

Jane. One who hails every other human being as a brother or sister, who never deals in malice or ridicule, and who does good not only as he or she has opportunity, accomplishes immeasurable good.

Albert. Since clubs are the style, why can't we start a "Do Good Club," at which to discuss ways and means for making the world better, and to tell of the good deeds that we know of others performing.

Lucy. That would be a delightful club to belong to. Telling the people of other folk's good deeds is the next best thing to doing them yourself. Saying and doing good are catching, and when we get our club started I wouldn't be surprised if the whole neighborhood would join it. Teacher, why don't you help us in this discussion?

Teacher. I do not think you need any help. Your discussions would do credit to much older folks than you. But our few moments are up now. At play time remember to put into action the good things you have said, if there is any occasion for doing so, and you can have more fun. We'll have a few moments recess now.

Curtain.

EVENING CALLERS.

Characters: Dr. Wisacre, Mrs. Wisacre, Joe, boy about grown; Jimmy, little boy; Judge Sage, Miss Gossip, Mr. Officeseeker, Miss Truth, William Broadbrim and wife, Charity, Preacher New Patrick.

Scene.—A room in which are Dr. and Mrs. Wisacre and Joe.

Mrs. W. Joe, I hear you are paying a great deal of attention to Miss Rose. I cant see how anyone can admire her.

Joe. That's because you're no judge of beauty.

Dr. W. Remember, beauty is but skin deep.

Joe. That's deep enough for me. I aint no cannabal.

Dr. W. Joe, you ought to learn to use better grammar. Take my advice to think before you speak.

Joe. I tried that, but it wouldn't work at all. I always forgot what I was going to say.

Dr. W. My father wouldn't let me talk that saucy to him. I had to do as he advised me to whether it would work or not.

Joe. Your father surely wasn't very smart.

Dr. W. (Angrily.) I'll let you know my father was a good deal smarter than your father is. (Joe laughs.) You needn't laugh; it's so. (Joe takes his hat and starts out.) Where are you off to now? I wish you'd stay at home of evenings.

joe. Oh, I'm just going to see some girls.

Dr. W. (Sternly.) Did you ever know me to go after the girls when I was a young man?

Joe. No, but I guess ma did. (Exit.)

(Enter Jim with his coat torn.)

Mrs. W. Jimmy, what are you doing out this

time of night? And how did you get your coat torn? I hope you haven't been fighting again.

Jim. No'm, I was just keeping a bad little boy from hurting a good little boy.

Mrs. W. You dear, noble child. You shall have a piece of cake for that. Who was the good little boy?

Jim. Me.

Dr. W. Jimmy, our parrot has been saying profane and bad words to-day. Have you been teaching it to say them?

Jim. No, I've been teaching it what it mustn't say.

(Enter Judge Sage, Wm. Broadbrim and Charity, Truth, Preacher New.)

Dr. W. Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, you've given us a surprise this time.

Mrs. W. Yes, and a very agreeable surprise it is. Please be seated.

(Enter Officeseeker and Miss Gossip.)

Off. You folks can't fool us. We found out you were coming here this evening. So we came too. (Shakes hands with all.)

Miss Gossip. (Sitting down by Jimmy.) Hello, Jimmy, I heard you robbed a bird's nest to-day. How can you be so cruel as to rob a poor little bird of her eggs, and cause her to wail like her heart was broken.

Jim. Guess the bird I robbed to-day wont wail much. You've got her on your hat.

Preacher. Dr. Wiseacre, I noticed you were at church last Sunday morning. I hope you derived profit from the service.

Dr. W. I assure you, sir, I drop business and attend church on Sunday without hope of profit!

Mrs. W. The congregation seemed deeply stirred by your sermon, Brother New.

Preacher. Yes, I noticed a great deal of restlessness.

Truth. I enjoyed the sermon very much, didn't you, Judge?

Judge. Can't say I did. I couldn't catch a wink of sleep during the whole of it.

Gossip. I always did enjoy that sermon, Brother New.

Off. It was a splendid sermon. It carried me to the gates of heaven.

Jim. Why didn't you dodge in. You may never get another such a chance.

Mrs. W. Jimmy, keep still unless you are spoken to.

Preacher. I saw you digging in the garden last Sunday, Jimmy. Don't you know it is wrong to work on Sunday only in a case of necessity?

Jim. That was a case of necessity. A boy can't fish without bait.

Preacher. But it is wrong to catch fish on Sunday.

Jim. I didn't catch any, couldn't git nary bite.

Off. Brother New, I'm a lawyer, and when I plead a case before a jury, if I find I've made a misstatement I correct it immediately. How is this with you? If you make a mistake when you are preaching, do you stop and correct yourself?

Preacher. If I make much of a mistake I stop and correct myself; but if the mistake is slight I let it go. For instance, once when I was preaching I aimed to say liars, but I made a mistake and said lawyers, but I just let it go that way.

Miss Gossip. Brother New, how can such a preacher as you deal in jest and nonsense?

Broadbrim. "A little nonsense now and then, is relished by the best of men." Anybody who has any sense at all, has some nonsense.

Preacher. And as the pulpit is not the place for jokes and nonsense, I must dispose of mine elsewhere. From Genesis to Revelations there is not a single jest.

Broadbrim. That's so. Yet I'm certain there's no harm in innocent jesting at proper times and places.

Off. Don't you know, Mr. Broadbrim, "WISE men hesitate; only FOOLS are certain.

Broadbrim. I'm not so sure of that.

Off. I'M CERTAIN of it. (Laughter.)

Charity. Now thou hast a joke on thyself, hasn't thee, friend Officeseeker. Let's change the subject.

Broadbrim. Very well. Jimmy; if thy fine chicken was to lay an egg, would thee give it to the poor?

Jim. No, I'd sell it to Barnum. My chicken's a rooster.

Miss G. What a bright and witty boy Jimmy is.

Off. I've noticed that bright witty boys are apt to grow up into dull, stupid men.

Jim. What a bright witty boy you must have been, Mr. Officeseeker.

Mrs. W. Jimmy, you must not be so impudent. Beg Mr. Officeseekers pardon this minute, and tell him you're sorry.

Jimmy. I beg your pardon, Mr. Officeseeker, I'm sorry you're so dull and stupid.

(Enter Pat wearing very light colored tronsers.)

Pat. Leddies and gentleman, my house and iv-
everything in it was burned up last night, and I'm

around trying to raise money to help me git a start agin.

Dr. W. Where's your certificate to show that your house was burned.

Pat. Shure, and it was in the house, und got burned up with the rest of the tihngs. I've had the grip, to, and the right name it's got. It held on thra weeks after it let go, and I've lost my place. Jedge, would yez give me a recommendation so I kin get work.

Judge. Certainly. (Takes out note book and writes.)

Off. Pat, what made you fight Bill Hit the other day.

Pat. To make him quit quarreling with me. I cum to Ameriky for peace, und I'm going to have it if I have to fight for it.

Juudge. Here's your recommendation, Pat, (Gives him a paper.) I've said you are honest, with no compunctions of conscience, but I fear I've strained a point in saying you're are sober.

Pat. Thin couldn't ye strain a point a little more and say I'm frequently sober?

Judge. Oh, what I've said will do.

Pat. Alright. Much obleeged to you, Jedge. Now, if I kin git work and if I kin git a leetle help to git a start agin, we'll git along all right.

Charity. I will call on thy family tomorrow and see what they need, and perhaps arrange to provide them therewith.

Pat. May the holy saints bless ye. You're a gintlemanly leddy, and sure. Good night. (Exit.)

Miss G. Pat was dressed something like a cadet, was'n the. You know cadets were white pants.

Jim. And so do their sisters, and their cousins and their aunts!

Mrs. W. Jimmy, it's time you were asleep. What can I do to induce you to go to bed?

Jim. You can let me sit up a little longer.

Broadbrim. Friend New, I saw thee riding a bicycle to-day. Isn't thee afraid some of the church members will get thee tried for heresy, if thee don't quit bicycling?

Preacher. If they do, I expect I'll have you for company, Brother Broadbrim, for I saw you playing croquet the other day. If you don't quit it won't your church deal with you for unbecoming and frivolous behavior?

Dr. W. And Mr. Broadbrim, I saw you stop Mr. Top from smoking in the ladies' waiting room at the depot, the other day. Aren't you afraid you'll get churched for not minding your own business?

Broadbrim. It is everybodys business to interfere with oppression and wrong on all occasions, and smoking in the presence of others is oppression and wrong. so I said to friend Fop "I heard a handsome young woman say, what a good-looking man Mr. Fop might be if he didn't make a filthy cigar holder out of himself," whereupon he quit smoking in a hurry.

Off. Have any of you heard about our Bank Cashier?

Dr. W. What about HIM? Not defunct I hope?

Off. That's just what he's done, and took with him everything he could lay his hands on.

Gossip. Well, I never! Truly, one-half of the world don't know how the other half lives.

Truth. That's not your fault, Miss Gossip.

Mrs. W. I heard to-day that Mr. Saving is dead.

Off. Is that so? I presume we lawyers will get a pile of his money now, though he was so careful

to keep us from getting any of it while he lived. Of course his will will be contested.

Gossip. Certainly, for they say his mind had been failing for a long time.

Truth. THEY are mistaken. Mr. Saving's mind remained sound to the very last. I presume this fact will not be disputed, for he did not leave any will.

Mrs. W. My ! but wont that be a disappointment to the lawyers?

Judge. I fear the dissatisfaction will not be limited to the lawyers, for during the recent will contest the court room was crowded with spectators, about two-thirds of whom were ladies.

Broadbrim. Maybe they were interested either in the case or the Judge.

Judge. It is not probable that they were interested in the case, for it was venued to this place on account of the contestants being strangers to the people here, and their presence wasn't due to interest in the Judge, or else they would attend court more, which I wish they would, for it is so much easier to make the lawyers observe order, and keep within the law, when there are ladies present at court.

Gossip. I attended court all the time during the trial of the case mentioned.

Off. I saw you there, Miss Gossip, but did not see you there at all, Miss Truth.

Broadbrim. I saw her there.

Off. What, were you there, Broadbrim ? I shouldn't have thought you'd have enjoyed being there, as I've heard Quakers don't know anything about law.

Judge. They know enough about it to keep out of it. But enough about law, let's change the subject.

Preacher. That's what I say. Brother Broadbrim, don't you think charity requires one to always keep open and free a corner of his or her head in which to make room for the opinions of others?

Broadbrim. That depends. There is no charity in crowding out of one's head benevolent opinions of his or her own to make room for uncharitable opinions of others.

Preacher. Brother Broadbrim, why didn't you come out and mingle your prayers with our's for the poor and needy?

Broadbrim. I wasn't moved that way.

Judge. He couldn't have gotten his prayer into the church anyhow, for it consisted of a big wagon load of provisions which I saw him delivering to the needy.

Broadbrim. That was the answer to prayer. When my wife and I prayed that the poor in our midst might be fed, our little girl said, "If I had as much to feed them with as you have I'd go and answer that prayer." That's how we happened to think of it.

Preacher.—"And a little child shall lead them," applies in this case, doesn't it?

Truth. The conversation is trending toward religion.

Charity. I note with pleasure that people generally are becoming more free to talk on religion, which I think shows that the world is getting more religious.

Mrs. W. I believe that people who have religion are pretty apt to talk about it.

Gossip. Judge Sage, do you have much need for religion in your vocation?

Judge. One who has large dealings with his fellow men needs religion as much as a preacher does.

Truth. So does everybody else. Still there are yet a great many persons who seem to think it sacrilege to talk on religion except in meetings for this purpose.

Off. This is a queer world, isn't.

Broadbrim. Yes, Friend Officeseeker, everybody is queer except me and thee, and thee is a little queer. (Laughs heartily.)

Off. I see you are fond of a joke, Brother Broadbrim.

Gossip. I see he's fond of laughing also.

Mrs. W. That's all right. If God hadn't intended for people to laugh, he never would have made a monkey. (Truth coughs.)

Dr. W. If you will take a dose of my medicine, Miss Truth, you will never cough again.

Truth. Is it so fatal at that?

Charity. I think it's about time to go home.

Gossip. I think so too. So let us go.

Curtain.

THE MISSION OF FLOWERS.

Characters:—Flora, Rose, Lilly, Myrtle.

Scene.—Four girls, each carrying a bunch of flowers.

Flora. Girls, let's sit down here and make bouquets out of our flowers.

Rose. Agreed. (All sit down and arrange flowers into bouquets, conversing meanwhile.)

Lily. Weren't we lucky to find so many flowers? There's no purer pleasure than hunting early wild flowers.

Myrtle. And nothing more enjoyable.
In the springtime, in the wildwood,
I love to wander forth,
And pluck the first wild flowers
That deck the beauteous earth.

Flora. So do I.
To find violets meekly blooming,
Upon a mossy bed,
And other flowers beside them,
In loveliness outspread,

is joyful beyond measure.

Rose. I think it is, for
The sight of flowers tends to give
One's thoughts a trend above
All evil, and each blossom seems
To whisper, "God is love."

Lily. 'Tis plain ONE thing God made them for
Was, to tell us He meant
For us to be pure and cheerful,
And with our lot content.

Yet some folks wonder what flowers were made for.

Myrtle. God must have aimed them also to inculcate charity and humility, for
Emblems of unselfishness and

Humbleness are flowers,
They bloom alike for rich and poor,
Alike cheer each one's hours.

Flora. I think that flowers are also meant,
Noble truths to reveal,
Among which are, "Who doth most good,
Doth least in censure deal."

And

"Joy's the root of morality,"
And life of the pure mind,
Hence, one who happiness imparts
Makes better humankind.

Rose. By speaking charitable words
In kindly voice, we may
Give more joy than could be given
In any other way.

If by kind words and deeds we prove
That we wish no one ill,
Then like the flowers so shall we
Our mission here fulfill.

Lily. 'Tis said that flowers are thoughts of God,
And if we only would
Always keep our thoughts pure like they,
We'd ne'er do aught but good.

And moreover,

If, like they, we're peaceful, and
Innocent, and given
To bright'ning other lives, we'll help
Many to reach Heaven.

Mytle. Let us ever
Work for other's good and seek to
Spread cheer where'er we go,
So, like the flowers, we'll fulfill
Our mission here below.
Then 'twill be said to us, by the
One on the Great White Throne,

“By your lives you’ve glorified Me,
Hence, Heaven is your home.”

Flora. That verse is good enough to quit on.
How did we happen to get our talk into poetry?

Rose. Because poetry and flowers are twin sisters, I guess. But it must be nearly one o’clock, and if we don’t look out school will take up before we get back.

Lily. We’d better be going then, for one of our missions is to be at school on time.

Myrtle. That’s so. Let’s hurry up so as not to be tardy.
(Exeunt.)

Curtain.

SEWING CIRCLE TALK.

Characters: Six Ladies.

Scene.—Ladies sewing.

1st L. I hear the men call our sewing circle a "Gossip Factory," and say it does more harm than good, and should be discontinued.

2d L. The men had better sweep before their own door and stop some of their evil factories before they go to criticizing our doings. Their drunkard factory, the saloon, does nothing but harm, and is intended for the manufacture of nothing but degraded human beings. This fact is evident even to children. For instance, On seeing a ragged, bloated, drunken man by a saloon door, a little boy ran in and said to the saloonkeeper, "Say, Mister, your sign's fallen down." Gossip factory or not, the sewing circle never turns out such a degraded object as that saloon sign.

3d L. True, but no one will escape the penalty for doing a wrong simply because some one else does a greater wrong. OUR's is not the only sewing circle that is called a gossip factory, and it deserves the name if it is like that one of which a noted authoress said, "I always make it a business to be present at our sewing circle, so I won't be talked about there." Though the sewing circle exists in the name of charity, I fear its conversation is sometimes most uncharitable and full of thoughtless speech.

4th L. Some one says, "Thoughtlessness of speech has done more to injure woman than any single element in her life. If we would always observe the Golden Rule when talking, none would have cause to say aught against our conversation.

5th L. I don't care what anybody says, womens' conversation is no more given to idle and uncharitable gossip than is men's conversation.

6th L. That doesn't lessen the evil of such gossip, or make it less incumbent on every woman to prevent womens' meetings from meriting the name of gossip factory. If every such meeting was blessed with the presence of even ONE who has the moral courage and inclination to speak out in defense of the absent, and to seek to make every conversation that is within her hearing trend toward wisdom, charity and happiness, then the fear of being talked about would, as an incentive for attending womens' meetings, be displaced by the anticipation of pleasure and profit from being present thereat, for "Hope of reward is a greater incentive to action than is fear of fear punishment."

1st L. Since reforms are fashionable, why not reform sewing circle talk, banishing therefrom all malice and unkindness, and in their stead have discussions on scientific subjects, or on ways and means for the suppression of evil and the uplifting of humanity? Suppose we take the suppression of the Gambling Habit for discussion to-day?

2d L. As women are not responsible for this habit, I don't see how we can accomplish anything in discussing the subject.

3d. I'm not sure that all women are free from responsibility for this habit. To be entirely blameless for the prevalence of gambling, one must keep one's talk free from all expressions which tend to suggest to children's minds any thought of betting, and as such expressions are made without any thought as to their evil tendencies, we might do some good by seeking to arouse thoughts therein.

4th L. And while we are about it let us try to arouse sentiment against buying chances at prizes. I believe women are equally responsible with men for this form of gambling.

5th L. If buying chances at prizes is gambling,

then I know several church members who are gamblers, for recently they paid fifty cents each for a chance to secure a ten-dollar bible.

6th L. Seeking to win value or property without rendering a just equivalent therefor, is gambling, no difference how it is won. The principle of the actor is judged by the motive of the action, and what's the difference in principle between seeking to get a \$10 bible for only fifty cents, and seeking to win \$9.50 by betting on a game of chance?

1st L. I can't see as there is any difference in PRINCIPLE between these two acts. Betting on elections is another thing that respectable people don't realize is gambling. But we women will soon be allowed our inherent right to a say-so in legislation, and then this form of gambling will be suppressed.

2nd L. It seems that women can't talk any length of time now days without getting onto the subject of womens' rights. As for me I have all the rights I want. The woman who dabbles in politics does so at the risk of loosing man's approval.

4th L. Is man's approbation so necessary and desirable that woman would be justified in sacrificing duty, conscience, principle and patriotism for it? "No woman has all the rights she OUGHT to want until she has a right to say, with authority, that the world shall be a better place for woman to live in.

5th L. How time does fly when one is pleasurably entertained. Here it is time for us to adjourn already. I've enjoyed this discussion so much, I'd like to discuss something at all our meetings. How would the evil tendencies of using wine in food and at meals, do for discussing at our next meeting.

6th L. As most of the responsibility for the existance of this evil lies at woman's door, it is a very suitable subject for her to discuss. Let us look

up information on this subject so as to be able to sustain our arguments by scientific facts; but it is time I was at home.

1st L. It's time I was there too.

2nd L. Me too.

3rd L. We had as well all go at once. (Exit.)

Curtain.

THE ALPHABET IN RHYME.

Characters—Class of several children.

(The first two verses and last two verses are to be recited in concert by the class.)

1. We children know so much.
We cannot tell you all,
But we all learned our letters
When we were quite small.
2. And since then we have made
Such good use of our time,
That what each letter stands for,
We can tell you in rhyme.
3. A stands for Adam, he ate the
Forbidden fruit you know,
Then went and told God that Eve was
To blame for his doing so.
4. B stands for beer, about which
Woe, to him who lingers.
If one handles beer much, they say.
T'will rot off his fingers.
5. C stands for creeds. If we
Obey God's commands, then,
We'll have no time to quarrel
About creeds made by men.

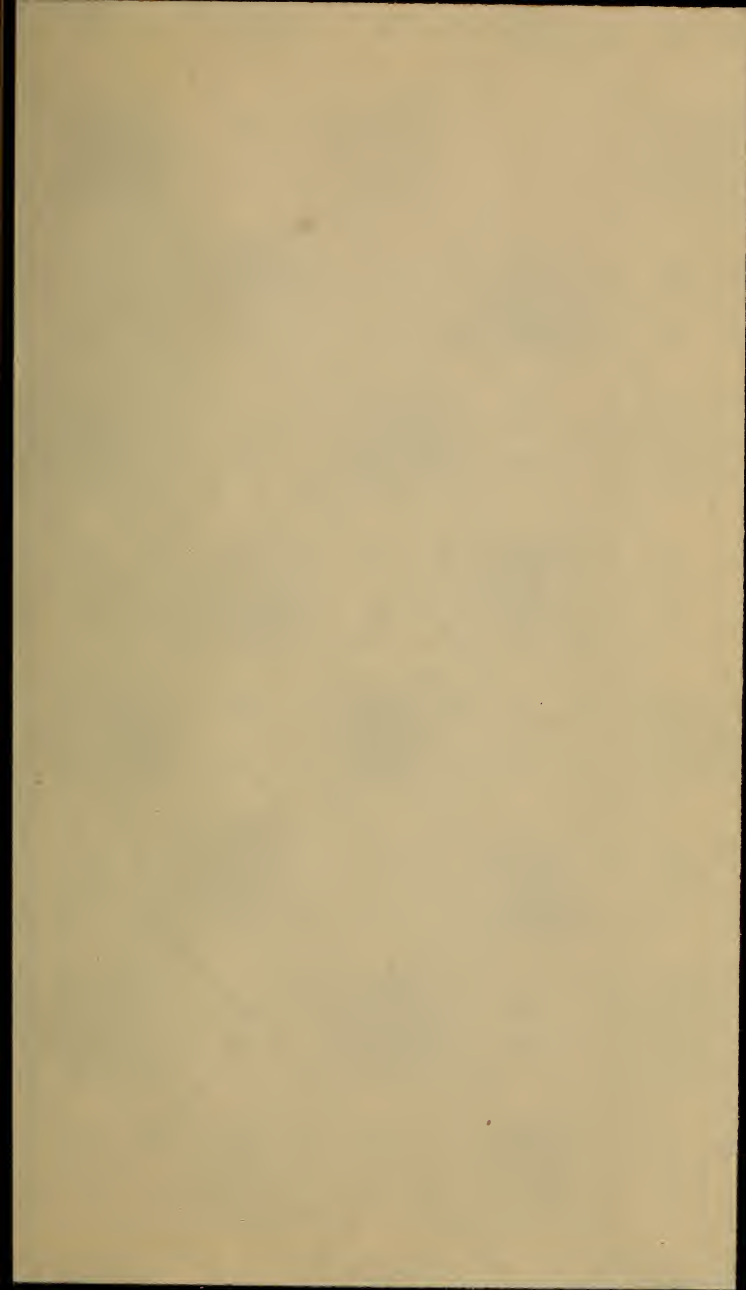
6. D stands for David. God who
Gave David power to slay
The giant, e'er gives power to fight
Giant wrongs of the day.
7. E stands for evil. They who
Put all evil thoughts to flight,
And seek and harbor but good thoughts,
Always say and do the right.
8. F stands for flag. OUR flag
Is freedom's banner, and
It is the only flag that we
Have room for in this land.
9. G stands for galaxy, which is
The long, white milky way,
Stretched across the heavens,
It can't be seen by day.
10. H stands for Haman, who built
A gallows for Mordecai,
But Haman's self was hung thereon,
And Esther's kin went free.
11. I stands for Iceland, an island
Of volcanic formation.
J stands for justice. This should
Obtain in ev'ry nation.
12. K stand for kissing. 'Tis said
That kissing's a good salve,
In fact, for sore lips I've heard,
It's the very best we have.
13. L stands for laughing. I'm sure
There is much good in that,
If careful when and where we
Laugh and what we laugh at.
14. M stands for money, "The root
Of all evil," they say,
But all the same, mankind still
Strive for it night and day.

15. N stands for New Zealand, a land,
Where they let the women vote,
Hence at the polls they have order,
This is worthy of note.
16. O stands for ostrich, he can
Run half a mile a minute,
When he wants to, but my,
Don't he have to spin it.
17. P stands for preacher, who strives
The way of life to teach.
"Wise is the clergyman
Who knows when NOT to preach.
18. Q stands for quarrels, which I
Can shun and so can you.
R stands for rum, if we WILL,
We can all shun THAT too.
19. S stands for saloon, who works not
'Gainst it with might and main,
May hear God say to him,
"Where is thy BROTHER? Cain."
20. T stands for truth, true to
The truth, I want to be,
For there's nothing bears such awful
Big crops, as a lie tree.
21. U stands for union. May our
Glorious country e'er be,
A union unbroken, and aye
The blest home of the free.
22. V stands for victory. The greatest
Of which is that gained o'er self.
W stands for women, they'll soon
Lay Joseph on the shelf.
23. X stands for Xerxes, he caused
To be whipped the Egean,
'Cause its waves broke his bridge of
Boats. What a foolish man.

24. Y stands for yule-log, a big
Log used, as you may know,
For the basis of the Christmas
Fire a long time ago.
25. Z stands for zephyr. It is
A soft and gentle breeze,
So mild it scarcely stirs
The leaves upon the trees.
26. There! You've found out we're knowing
From what you've just heard,
Though perhaps when we told you,
You doubted our word.
27. But there's a trite old saying,
'Spect you heard it in your youth,
It is this, "Children and fools
Generally speak the truth."

Curtain.





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